Cooper (Thos)

VOX & VOTUM

Populi Anglicani.

SHEWING

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now, with his MAJESTIE, and
holding him, (as we ſay) at
Armes-end, if they
could.

In a Letter to the Right Honorable the Earle of Mancheſter, *Speaker of the Houſe of Lords*, pro tempore.

By *T. C.* Eſquire

London, Printed for *Henry Seile* over againſt St. *Dunſtans* Church in *Fleet-ſtreet*, 1660.

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SHEWING

How deeply the Nation resents the thought of Capitulating with his MAJESTIE, &c.

My Lord,

THough I never yet had the honour of Personal Acquaintance with your Lordship, yet, partly from the Eminency of your Present Station, partly from the Character I have received of you, as a happy Instrument in our blessed Revolution, and no way, (as I hear) engaged in Faction, with some, who would, now, put a Reed, in stead of a Scepter, into His Majesties hand, I take this Liberty of addressing my self to your Lordship, as to a Person, whose Integrity may endure to hear the

truth, and to whose Candour, I suppose, plain dealing w[illegible]

It w[illegible] People of *Engla*[illegible] Education should [illegible] above the Vulga[illegible], for the present content themselves with those pregnant hopes of a full and honourable Estab[illegible]ment, which God hath wonderfully vouchsafed us; That they would consider, How little their Inquietude can advance, How much it may prejudice, or retard our Settlement; That they would rest secure, in the wisdom of their superiors, without judging, or forejudging of present, or future Affairs; But, alas, My Lord, My Deries of State have, of late times, been so prostituted, we have got such a habit of talking at random, under our late Usurpers, who (rather like true Tyrants, than good States-men) enslaving our persons, left our tongues at Liberty, That nothing can bridle our Extravagancies, in a time of Critical concernment, and impetuous Longings.

Hence it is, That all our meetings are now become Cabals; And in every Tavern, matters of the greatest Consequence are debated, as it were at the Parliament of Counsel Table: Now, as the Variety and confusion of Arguments is almost Infinite, so the Examen, and Prognostick, in what manner the Parliament should, or will receive his Majesty, whether with any Recapitulations, and what, hath lately been, and still is the great gulf of Discourse, to which, in effect, all our Conversation tends.

Some, (very few indeed, and those so disrelished,

that they ſcarce dare own their Principles) would clog their Sovetaign with ſuch Fetters, that, even at *Whitehall*, he might, perhaps, find himſelf, as ill at eaſe, as his Bleſſed Father did at *Carisbrook*; Others, (and they likewiſe in Compariſon of the People, not many) would afford him a little more elbowroom, poſſibly accept of Bayl, though ſtill under cuſtodie; But, I aſſure your Lordſhip, for the Genius of the Nation, (though in circumſtances, it may be miſgoverned, yet) in the main, it is loyal enough, and ſcornes, the very thought of impoſing upon their baniſhed Prince, Who, we are ſenſible, hath already been but too much wronged: Nay more, We are now, at laſt, convinced, That all our Miſeries ſprang from this bitter Root, And (like a burnt child, dreading the Fire) are afraid of any the leaſt approach, towards the Brink of that deſpair, from which ſo lately, and wonderfully, we have been redeemed; Nor can we, patiently, hear of any Change, (though never ſo ſpecious) in our good Old Government, under which we flouriſhed ſo long, and for the vain Reformation whereof, we paid ſo dear: But, above all, finding, how his Majeſtie, even beyond our hopes, hath, in all things, freely, caſt himſelf upon our Ingenuity, & ſecured us, in the enjoyment of our Birthrights, we hold our ſelves ſacred obliged, not to appear leſſe tender of his Concernments, but meet him, (at leaſt) half way, towards a Settlement, upon the Baſis of reciprocal Juſtice, and kindneſſe.

My Lord, I may not preſume you Ignorant, what the Citizens diſcourſe in their Shops, the Country People, at their Fairs, and Markets, what our very Children,

Children, Nay, what the ſtones in our ſtreets, if they could ſpeak, would proclaim. But, as of late, all ſorts of people, eſpecially Gentlemen, from an infinite Anxiety of Concernment, as living only in hope, have divided themſelves, into daily Conventicles, and Clubs, (each where he thought he might moſt confide in his company) ſo have I, my Lord, (whoſe buſineſſe hath long been News) upon the ſame languiſhing account, intereſſed my ſelf in ſuch meetings, beyond my Genius, or perhaps diſcretion, to collect the ſenſe of my Country-men; Your Lordſhip will ſcarce believe what preſent delight I took, what future hopes I conceived, from that harmonious Loyalty, which I found in perſons, formerly, of Judgements, and Intereſts, very diſſonant, wherein I thought the hand of God might be ſeen, even by the purblind; All, (as it were by Inſpiration) crying aloud, for the King, not for his ſhadow; not for a King in title, but in effect, a Subject; No, it muſt be a King, ſurrounded with Majeſtick Beams, conſecrated with holy oyl, inveſted with inviolable Authority and Power, limited only by the Juſtice of ancient Laws; ſuch a Prince, and nothing elſe, will anſwer our Expectations.

A Duke of *Venice* is now the By-word, Chief Migiſtrate is grown a Nick name, conſtrued to ſignifie the ſame with Burgo-Meeſter, fit only for ſuch Princes, as were made to truckle, or elſe for Uſurpers, who Vayl their real Tyranny, with pretended Modeſty: Coordination of Powers is conſidered, as a miſchievous engine, raiſed by Faction, to aſſault Sovereignty, which, like a Town, or Fortreſs,

Icituate

ſcituate upon Aſcent, could not be effectually battered, till the Beſiegers had from the earth, raiſed a Platform of equal height, in deſign, therefore, it is moſt pernicious, though in it ſelf, a ſilly ſhift, nay a meer Phantoſm, a Soloeciſm in Government, and a Paradox in Philoſophy.

It is generally underſtood, and received, That the King of *England* ought not only to hold a Scepter, but wear a Sword, ſince Factions will not be awed with a Scabbard: As generally it is admitted, That the Militia can be no where ſafer, than with his Majeſtie, whilſt the Purſe is with the People; Eſpecially, ſuch a Militia as the King pretends to, By their Quality, I am ſure, not dangerous to their Country; And it is notably obſerved, that the Sword, being long in the Kings hand, ſcarce ever cut our fingers, But in the Parliaments, preſently, it cut our Throats.

The Negative Voice is ſuppoſed to be the inſeparable Property of our *Engliſh* Diadem, as natural as heat to fire; The word King, nay the word Man imports no leſſe; Except we would have our Prince as a Neceſſary Agent, to move with a Vice, to ſtrike like a Clock, or at beſt, ſign Bills, as a Juſtice of Peace doth warrants; ſuch Pretences are now out of Doors, ſuch Gentleneſs is eſteemed a Virtue, fitter for a King of the Frogs, than an Engliſh Monarch: It is, alas, but too freſh in memory, and never to be forgotten, ſince our late Royal Martyr, with unparallel'd goodneſſe, anſwering the deſires of his Subjects, and not ſuſpecting their ſnares, parted with his Negative only in one particular, (*viz.*) the continu-

ance of the Long marliament, what ſtreams of Sacred Bloud, what Rivulets of bitter tears have iſſued from that unfortunate ſource! The Reſentment whereof is, now, ſuch, That his moſt Excellent Majeſtie, (whom God preſerve) as much, as he is deſired, and celebrated by the Nation, would be thought ſcarce worthy of his Crown, if he ſhould accept it upon ſuch mean and unworthy terms; whereby, he might ſoon ſignifie as much, as the Common Vouchee, in a Writ of Entry: The diſtinction of perſonal and politick capacity thus applied, to prove the King vertually preſent in the marliament, though the Man be ellewhere, are rejected, as exquiſite, and preſumptuous Sophiſms; Making way for that accurſed ſcene of ſpitefull Impoſture, which ſoon ſucceeded, when to preſerve, no doubt, his Majeſtie, at *Weſtminſter*, they murthered him, at *Whitehall*; Above all, It is marvelled, with what forehead, any of our Lords can challenge a Negative to themſelves, and yet deny it their wrinces, By whoſe ſpecial Favours, and from whoſe Grants, they derive their peerage.

The power of pardon, and Reward, as well as wuniſhment, is aſcribed to the King, as to the fountain of Juſtice, and Bounty, And, now, by great Experience, found fitteſt to be truſted with it; One ſtarliament, (or rather warliamentary faction) having ſhed more of our innocent Bloud, irregularly, Squandred more of our treaſure, corruptly, than the Cruelty, or wrodigality of all our wrinces: The choyce of his Servants is allowed him, as a common Right, denyed to none, but Minors, and Ideots, yet Is thought ſufficient to awe miſters, and ſhis Mula-

us, That they are Accomptable to the Law, Censurable by Parliaments; such as would fain Quarrel with the King upon these Accounts, are noted, as selvish Tribunes, who, perhaps, would speak another Dialect, If the Conscience of their Want of Merit did not teach them to distrust his favour.

The bond Idea of a Prince in *Caerpo*, A poor Stipendiary, or Royal Caputchin, is dreaded, and sleighted, as Mechanick in it self, and inconsiderable to the Ends of Government; And, though it be, generally, true enough of the People, That they will bear great affronts from a Prince, if he meddle not too much with their Pursestrings; Yet so deep is, now, the impression of former miscariages, so fervent our Zeal, and Affection to his Majestie, And (for our Peace, and Honour, I wish, it may never Cool,) That (even, in this great Poverty, which hath seized on most of us, (especially the most loyal,) we should, I am confident, (if need were) offer him the Widows mite. The Common Noat now is, This we contributed to Usurpers, and Tyrants, who have not only shorn us, at their Pleasure, but threatened at length to flea us alive; Who, not daigning to ask either our Consent in Granting, or Counsel in Employing, made Ducks and Drakes with our Monies; And shall we grudge an honorable and fitting support to that Prince, in whose wealth, and wellfare consists our own? That Prince, to whom we are so much in Arrear of Duty, and Assistance? That Prince, from whose Integrity, Temper, Vast Experience, and long acquaintance with Necessity, and Thrift, We may, reasonably expect the greatest Justice, Moderation, Conduct in Affairs, and good

Management of his treasure? Could Rigour extort so much, And can Ingenuity prevail so little? Far be it from us, That, ever, we should again lie, (as it were) at lurch, by with-holding honest, and convenient supplies, to drive his Majesty to Exigents, And draw from him such Concessions, as perhaps, are equally hurtfull, and dangerous to him, and our selves. How can, we hope, he should protect us, if we streighten him? Will not the want of a competent established Revenue endanger our Peace at home? The with-drawing our ready Assistance, in extraordinary Emergents, possibly, expose us to National affronts, however forfeit all our Interests abroad? These are the Arguments of the time, And herein consists our chiefest happinesse, That as our Nation hath a Prince, who, I verily believe, will require lesse, than they would willingly contribute, so our Prince hath, now, a People, who, upon a legal, and honorable Account, would chearefully pay more, than he will demand, or need.

My Lord, (whether causlessly, or not, I dare not pronounce, that dwell at such distance from the fountain of Intelligence, But) sure I am, The Nation, (now, above all, Ombragious) hath taken a hot alarm from the lowd Report of a design, to caresse, indeed his Majesties Person, but, with their Kisses, to betray his Authority, And wound it, in all, or most of its foremention'd Vitals: And (to our great Affliction, and Astonishment,) the chief Projectors are said to be of the Order of Peerage: Were they present at any of our dayly Clubs, to hear the downright invectives of some, the bitter censures of others, the calm, but severe, reflections of the Moderate,

derate, I presume, their Reasons would be convinced, or, at least, their wisdoms perswaded to quit the pursute of Practises, I dare say, as Odious, and Obnoxious, as the worst of late Machinations.

They are arraigned of great Impiety to God, who, pardoning, I hope, our crying sinne, and turning our *Aceldama*, into a goodly Field, doth now cry Aloved with the Voyce of Providence, *Sinne no more, lest a worse Evil befall you*: If a man, having fallen into grievous Sicknesse, through his Luxury, and Disorders; And having, in Extremity, powred forth his Soul to God, in Prayers for present Mercie, and Vowes of future Reformation; If such a one, I say, (God, in Clemency, and Patience, adjourning his Accounts,) shall, immediately, after the Crisis of his disease, Apostate from his Covenant, and return to his licentiousnes, our greatest Charity will scarce oblige us to believe him other than a Cast-away; And, truly, by like Proportion, We may conclude, That such as, after so many trespasses, committed, and pardoned, so many Covenants, in publick, so many Vowes in private, made, and repeated, so many Opportunities neglected, And yet, at length, a Miracle of Redemption vouchsafed, shall, (as if they took no notice of all this,) presently, tempt God afresh, with the same Provocations, are, (to speak modestly,) at least, Civil Reprobates.

They stand indicted of high Ingratitude, and Disloyalty to the King; scarce the Child in the Cradle is unsensible of his Majesties wrongs, yet he (like a good Christian, and a great Prince,) is pleased to contribute more to our Peace, and happinesse, than our Selves could doe, if we would, by renouncing

all thoughts of Revenge, and bitter resentment of what is past; And (with a Confidence, not to be paralel'd,) referring much of his own Interest to our Delegates: What Ingratitude, nay what treachery were it, if we should smite him, embracing us! If, he addressing himself with English freedom, wee entertain him, with Sicilian faith! If, he bringing us nothing but Cordials, we offer him nothing but Minerals, and a deadly Cup! If, whilst he seeks Counsell of God to preserve us, We in the mean time, take advice of the Rump, and Phanaticks, to destroy him.

They are deeply censured, as reflecting, with extreme scandal, upon the Nobility, to some of which Order, they are chiefly (though causlesly, I hope) imputed: They are construed to proclaim them Bankrouts, of Duty to his Majesty, of Piety to their Countrey; Nay they are judged to impeach them, in their Common Faculties, As persons uncapable of understanding their own Good; As if they were, yet, to be informed, That the Kings Ecclipse is their Privation; As if they had forgotten, That, when Kingly Government was abolished, as dangerous, Peerage was, with the same breath, layd aside, as a silly Appurtenant; In a word, As if they were meer Properties, Ordained, and fitted to serve the Designes of Others, against Themselves.

They are rejected, with great Odium, and Disdain, as portending Mischief, and pronouncing Infamy to the Nation; The Mischief is great; Nothing, at present, so likely to lay the foundation of New broils; These are Bones cast in by Phanaticks, These are Tares, scattered by the Enemies of Monarchy, and

Lovers,

Lovers of Anarchy; Their bare attempt threatens to unhinge our Settlement, and their Succeſſe, (were it, for the preſent, never ſo proſperous,) would vitiate our habit, and turn a ſound, into a crazie Conſtitution: Our late Mountebanks, in their Politick Lectures, made it their Maſterpiece, to flatter themſelves, and impoſe upon their Diſciples, By alleging, That the Props and Pillars of our Monarchy were long ſince ſhaken, The Ballance being now turned Democratical; It will not here be pertinent to examine the Vanity of their Poſitions, which, I doubt not, will, in due time, be confuted by bleſſed Experience, when that Stone, which thoſe Builders refuſed, is, to their Confuſion, the Cornerſtone of the ſtrongeſt Fabrick, that ever was in this Nation, (For ſuch is our reaſonable Progroſtick: But, ſhould theſe Projects ſucceed, It were then, indeed, high time for wiſe & good men to look about them, when the eſtabliſhed Government were really ſuch, as could neither ſhelter them, nor ſupport it ſelf; The Promoters thereof are, therefore, to be ſuſpected, as a more refined ſort of Commonwealthsmen, and diſguiſed Rumpers. And, as for Infamy, What, I pray, can be more contumelious, than that many of the ſame Perſons ſhould, ſo perverſly, deny their undoubted Soveraign the ſame Prerogative, which they, ſo tamely, granted to the Vileſt of Uſurpers; And, ſince the one was done by a Parliament, (at leaſt, ſo pretended, and, (then) by the Nation, ſeemingly admitted,) If now, (which God forbid) the other ſhould be effected in this Repreſentative, How Abject, Nay how monſtrous muſt it needs appear, eſpecially to Foreiners, who are not acquainted with our Ingenuity?

They are derided, as most unnecessary, And the Prosecutors despised, some of them, as meer Busybodies, who must do mischief, lest they should seem to do nothing; Others, as persons, who have espoused a faction, upon which, they have grounded their hopes, Or from which, perhaps, they think they cannot come off, with credit, and safety: The Nation, alas, professes full assurance in his Majesties Justice and Clemency, The largeness whereof is the only subject of our Delight, and Wonder: If any desire greater security, than the Court of Aldermen can give, Let them get it that can, Let them expect it, that will; If any be not satisfied with the Laws of his Country, And a Lawfull Prince, of singular Virtue, and unspotted Faith, Let him mend himself; We, for our Parts, joyfully acquiesce.

They are disclaimed, as unseasonable, and, at this time, most of all, inconvenient; Alas, The Body Languishes, The Spirits are Very Low, And shall we still be trying of Chymical Conclusions? Great heires, newly come to Age, may afford to stake Lordships upon a Cast at Dice; But poor Cadets are obliged to play at lesser, and surer Game; We suppose, it, now concerns us more to study our Settlement, than the Reformation of our Antient Laws, which if they were imperfect, Yet, surely, by Experience, are not intolerable: We hear nothing propounded, that may encourage us to new Expeditions in *America*, or tempt us to exasperate our lawfull Soveraign, Who, being, now, in Condition to resent his wrongs, Yet, with friendly Ouvertures, prevents our hopes: No; the English Nation is Weather-beaten, Glad to Anchor any where, tolerably,

rably, but over-joy'd to find it ſelf in ſo good a harbour, And not like, I ſuppoſe, haſtily to put to Sea again in foul Weather.

They are deteſted, as diſingenuous, ſavouring of ugly Dureſſe, and Inſolence, to Gods Vicegerent: Certainly, baniſhment hath its Violence, as well, as Impriſonment, That accoſts his Majeſtie, with a Dagger, at his throat, This, with a Sword, pointing to his breſt. Which of us, were the Tables turned, would think himſelf fairly dealt with, If, being, without the leaſt colour, diſſeized of his Freehold, he had the Choyce, Either to beg, (perhaps ſtarve) Or Purchaſe his Re-admiſſion, by the Surrender of Part, Or grant of a Rent charge, upon the Whole? Do not the Laws of Nations avoid, The Laws of *England* abhor ſuch contracts? If this be *Presbyterian* Juſtice, Give me leave, My Lord, to aſſure you, Few of us, God be thanked, are now *Presbyterians*.

They are branded, as Plots and Conſpiracies, fitter for Juntoes and factious Conventicles, than *Engliſh* Parliaments, to broach, or cheriſh: Our Parliaments conſiſt of Lords, and Commons; The Lords repreſent none, but themſelves, and cannot pretend to Popular truſt: For them, therefore, thus to aſſume the diſpoſal of the Kings Prerogative, in his abſence, or alteration of our Government, without our leave, were, (we conceive) ſuch Uſurpation, As not the Rump, or *Barebones* ſeemed more injuriouſly to intrude: The Houſe of Commons, we confeſſe, hath a truſt, But it is to aſſert our Liberties, not abrogate our Lawes, Let them keep themſelves to our truſt, And we are ſatisfied, Otherwiſe, we hope, they will

not

not blame us, if, for the future, we know them, and (at least) trust them no more.

Finally, They are exploded, as ridiculous, and Preposterous; Indeed, how incongruous were it for that Assembly, which sits by no Title, but present Exigence, to talk or dream of limiting their Prince, who must first constitute them, and from whom they are to receive a being, before they signifie any thing in Law! But admit them a Parliament, The King they know, is free to refuse, and, we suppose, not like to grant such Bills, as he shall judge unsafe, or unfit. And, in such refusall, we resolve, (as in Duty we are bound) unanimously, with our lives, and fortunes, to justifie him; Besides, His Majestie, and all Rational Men cannot but be sensible, How much, at present, we need him more, than he doth us, and that our Condition, as well as Duty, now presses us, rather to supplicate his speedy Return to his languishing Country, than obstruct it with Capitulations.

Thus, have I, faithfully, and, as briefly, as I could, acquainted your Lordship with the present temper and sense of the Nation; Not as presuming you to want my Information, But that your Lordship may please, (when you see cause) to communicate it to those, (if such there be) who are less sound in their Principles and Allegiance: If my Endeavours, herein, may prove, in any wise, Usefull, I shall much rejoice; If Needless, (as being grounded upon mistake) my satisfaction will be yet greater. My Dayly Prayers, however, are, and shall always be, That God would preserve his Majestie from such snares, restrain his People from such undutifull thoughts, And direct your Lordship, in all the Ways of Honour and Loyalty. I remain

Your Lordships most faithfull and obedient Servant,

May 7. 1660. T. C.

FINIS.